

BOTH SIDES OF THE WAR WRITTEN TO COLUMBIANS

Here is a letter received by Miss Katharine Jones, a daughter of Dean J. C. Jones, from a German officer in Munich.

"You seemed doubtful in your last letter whether we would win this war or not. You may believe me victory for us is certain. Everywhere in the East, as in the West, we are making progress. Only the day before yesterday we took 100,000 Russians, 200 machine guns and a lot of cannon. We capture, nearly every day, a few hundred French and English. Germany must, can and will win," so says our Bavarian crown prince, Rupprecht; and such will be the case, with God's help. After the capture of the Russians, you should have been with us in Munich. Flags were everywhere and everything was decorated. It is beautiful to be a German. You would be proud of Germany. I wished you might only see how our brave Bavarians whipped the English and French.

"When one reflects, it is a strange world after all, in times of peace one is killed for taking a man's life, and now it is one's duty to kill every enemy. You would be horrified if you ever went through a battle: infantry, bullets whistle around one's ear; to the left some one falls with a cry of pain; suddenly a grenade comes shrieking through the air. A crash like thunder: scraps of iron and dirt are thrown tower-high into the air. More than once comrades, only a few feet from me, had their heads, arms and legs torn away, and once I saw an officer a few yards from me torn into shreds by a grenade. Yes, bitter, full of sacrifice, and dangerous is war, but we bear all gladly in order that our Fatherland will stand glorified before the world. It was not we that wanted the war, but our envious neighbors. The Germans are very bitter against you Americans because you provide our enemy with arms and ammunition. Only the other day a friend of mine had his arm torn away by an American grenade.

"I am now in the garrison, but am very discontented. I am still sick, but not in the hospital any more. Since my wound keeps me from returning to the front I have taken up the study of aviation. But I am happy. If I could only go out to the battlefield again; if I could only be with my comrades, but Fate wills otherwise! When I complete the aviation course, I will visit England and leave a few bombs as my calling card. In time the enemy will learn what it means to fight with us Germans, the barbarians. I often wonder if you get my letters. I would not be surprised if they were sent to the bottom of the ocean instead of to you. I wonder what awful stories they are telling about us, and I hope you will tell me the attitude that prevails there when I come to America.

"That reminds me of the Lusitania. You perhaps know all about that by now, but how could you doubt the justification of our action. Every thing we do is well planned and we have a good reason for every thing. The passengers of the Lusitania were warned by the American consul. The Lusitania carried a large quantity of ammunition, guns and cannon. She was registered in the army navigation list as an auxiliary cruiser, and as such was armed with cannon and carried Canadian troops. These are all weighty reasons, but these are not all for our sinking her. The rapid sinking was only due to an explosion of the large load of ammunition on board. In spite of the torpedo the large steamer should have floated until all were saved, had this not been the case. Who, then, is to blame, we or the English? They in their conceit assured the passengers there was no danger. They kept from them that troops and ammunition were on board. They were duly punished, but we are sorry so many Americans had to suffer, too.

"In closing I want to tell you not to be alarmed by the reports of starving Germany. The crops are thriving and all store-houses are full. The theaters are open, the people have gone to the summer resorts as usual for their vacation and the Germans are happy and hopeful."

W. T. Diaz, a student in the College of Agriculture, has received another letter from a friend at the front, Lieutenant M. Tetu, who belongs to the Aviation Division of the French army.

"I was very much pleased to see that the States are 'sympathizers with France'. But who would sympathize with such people as the Germans? I am going to show you what kind of people they are by showing to you the two documents I have. One is a letter received by a German prisoner of the 28th Infantry, written from Neuquah. It says: 'If you make prisoners, kill them immediately, because we do not have enough to eat. It would be a hard thing to divide the

little provisions we have, especially with the English.'

"That sounds comforting if we ever have to surrender to our gallant foes, the Germans.

"I am sorry that I do not have now with me the other but I am sending a man right-away to fetch it.

"In the meantime I am going to tell you about my experiences as an aviator. As I mentioned in my previous letter, I am again at the front, since May 26, and have been flying almost every day since. Once I had an exciting sensation. I was about fifty miles inside the German lines when my motor stopped for two seconds, but imagine how long those seconds seemed to me! I had time to wonder, to listen and to think of some place where I could land; but think, also of being a prisoner, eating the famous KK-bread for the years the war is going to last (this sounds funny, doesn't it?), of being shot by the landstrum men, who are at the rear of the German lines. I looked at my passenger, who also looked at me with big eyes and surprise. But I must confess that I was really afraid. Fortunately the motor worked, and I started again after I passed through the white and transparent clouds produced by the fire of the Boches, who were shooting at me.

"I had two duels with the German aviators since, but without result. I realized that it was hard for the pilot to bring his aeroplane in a good and favorable position for aiming, though we could give the soldiers in the trenches a fine spectacle of acrobatic flying, while two enemies whirled and chased each other like the birds in spring; but we fluttered in a different purpose! When we were about 2,000 meters above the German trenches, my foe dived like a mad man below me, and went straight to his lines, and I did not follow him.

"The funniest thing was that the German artillery started to shoot at him by mistake, while I watched and looked. It would have been much better if he had been shot by his own guns.

"The second duel I had was done in a shorter time, because I had only a carbine, with no quick-firing gun, while my foe had one; so I managed and did my best to be in front of my foe as close as I could, for I knew he could not shoot at me through his propeller. But my passenger could not shoot at him, either. After an exchange of shots, my foe went to his 'rancho', but he kept on shooting at me, and I was thankful that none hit me. I am not sure he was lucky.

"I hope I will have more luck with the third.

"Yesterday I went out on a leave to Duukirk, but on my return, as I passed over the town, I saw a great amount of smoke. When I landed my comrades told me that the Germans were shelling the town (which is un-fortified), and where women, children and civilians were.

"Now my man comes, handing me an extract of the letter, which was found unfinished in the possession of a dead German soldier. His name was Johann Wenger of the Tenth company of the Leib Bavarian Regiment. The letter was directed to some 'Fraulein' whose name is Greti Mayer. It says: 'I am sending you a bracelet

LONDON SOCIETY DIPS IN FARM WORK A BIT

Fashionable Milkmaids Learn the Rudiments at Made-to-Order Establishment.

ALL CAUSED BY WAR

Carlton House, However, May Be Relieved of Its Work by the Land Council.

By Wilbur S. Forrest
(United Press Correspondent.)

LONDON, July 24 (By mail).—London society has milked its first cow.

It has milked its first goat, pitched its first hay, harnessed its first horse and churned its first butter.

It's one of the many revolutions of war. London society has come to the farmer's rescue. He needs help. All his hands have gone to war. "Why not women?" somebody said. That somebody gave London's society a chance to be useful.

In the very heart of the fashionable West End, within earshot of Buckingham Castle, there was laid a model farm. Number 16, Carlton House Terrace, the home of Lord Cowdray, and the adjoining residential grounds of the Earl of Lonsdale were requisitioned by society working under the auspices of the land council of the National Political League. The object was to teach women how to farm—to take the place of men who have left the plow to shoulder the rifle.

The opening day of the "farm school" found a buxom Jersey cow complacently grazing on the short-cropped and well-tended grass under

made of a shell. You will then have a fine souvenir of a German warrior,

who made all his campaign from the beginning, and who has killed and wounded many French soldiers. (He does not seem to be modest, does he? He was only doing his duty, you see, but what follows is best.) I have also killed many French women with my bayonet, my dear, (such is the language of the man who will win the girl by showing her his kind and loving heart) in the battle of Batorille (he means Badouwiller). In five minutes I killed seven women and four girls, and we fought in the streets. The women shot at us, using revolvers. One too, shot at the captain, who ordered me shoot her. I killed her with my bayonet.

"He probably had won the famous Iron-Cross for that!"

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BRAGA'S DOUBLE

An American in Paris has an evening of great excitement because he resembles another man too closely. Sheldon Lewis and Neil Craig in the leads.
Selig's Jungle-Zoo Comedy—"Beautiful Belinda"

TALK ABOUT
MR. GLANCY
AND
THE MARQUETTE HOTEL
ST. LOUIS
A HOTEL for your Wife, Mother or Sister.

the aristocratic windows of Carlton House Terrace. A resplendent rooster, perched on a balustrade, watched over a bevy of fussy hens scratching in the gravel of the driveway. Nearby, not far down the drive, stood a team of heavy-footed draft horses hitched to a vehicle that looked suspiciously like an American hayrack. A ton of hay lay nearby waiting for some one to come along and pitch it. Likewise a half-dozen shiny milkpails and a huge milk can were waiting for the milkmaids to begin on the Jersey cow.

A churn on the lawn of Carlton House evidenced what the milk was coming to.

A pair of fat sleek "mamma" goats next appeared. They arrived through the big front gate where an immaculate butler took them in charge. Like the cow, they came to give their milk. A flock of muddy white ducks waddled up to inspect the goats.

Then arrived the "farmer." Dainty society "milkmaids" and "farmgirls" who had pledged themselves to teach hundreds of the poorer sisters the art of farmwork put in appearance clad in regulation sun-bonnets and gingham.

The Honorable Mrs. Graham Murray was the chief dairymaid. The patient Jersey was brought around and submitted to being "pailed." It was hard work for some but they rolled their sleeves above fascinating forearms and took turns at "bossy" who submitted without a "moo"—or a kick. The milk passed into the big can to await its fate at the churn.

At various spots about the great lawn other societies debutantes were taught to harness the horses, pitch the hay, feed the chickens and ducks, tend a hive of bees and how to catch a chick.

After a dinner of simple farmlike fare, the "farmer maids" gathered on the lawn to hear a series of lectures by agricultural experts.

The land council of the National Political League expects to train hundreds of young women in the art of farmwork—but activities will soon be transferred to less aristocratic surroundings.

Fishing Trip Costs \$108,000.

By United Press.
ST. PAUL, Minn., August 9.—After due reportorial exertion, newspapers here are enabled to make the assertion that a recent fishing trip of J. J. Hill, empire builder and principal owner of the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Burlington, a few other railroads and several steamship lines, cost \$108,000. The newspapers, how-

ever, figured the annual expense of keeping up a launch, for the sole purpose of making the annual trip to Labrador.

Have the Missourian follow you on your vacation. Phone 55 and have the paper changed to your vacation address.

They're Studying the Indian.

By United Press.
SAN FRANCISCO, August 9.—To study conditions among the Indians with a view to remedying those things which retard progress among the redmen, a conference of Indian workers and those interested in Indian progress opened here today.

Eat More Ice Cream! It's Good for You!

When the children
cry for more—just call
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KAZAN

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soft drink.

Some Texts For Columbia

IT IS only of the loftiest trees that it occurs to us to remark that they do not touch the sky.
HIGGINSON

SERENITY is no sign of security. LANDOR

IT IS an evil recklessness not to weigh one's own deficiencies. BENSON

WHAT is more pathetic than the unconscious possession of great power? MUNGER

THERE is always a Cape Horn in one's life that one weathers or wrecks oneself on. HUXLEY

GOD does not give us results, but only opportunities. BLACK

THERE are times when Fortune begins but cannot complete her work. BALZAC

THE thing in this world I am most afraid of is fear. MONTAIGNE

MAN is mimetic; we repeat without thought the opinions of some third person, who has adopted them without inquiry. DISRAELI

IT IS absurd to think that one's own age of the world is beyond correction by the next age. JAMES

IF YOU are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it. GARFIELD

BECAUSE the goal is distant, is that any reason why we should not march towards it? HUGO

THE only real help is self-help. PESTALOZZI

THE world owes all its onward impulses to men ill at ease. HAWTHORNE

IT IS the dreams of youth that become the realities of manhood. HAMERTON

THE gifted man is he who sees the essential point. CARLYLE

ENTHUSIASM is not a herring that can be pickled and kept for a few years. GOETHE

GENIUS and ambition laugh at precedents. THAYER

THE grand secret of success is that successful men take one hundred times the trouble that men usually do. PARTON

THE difference between one man and another is not mere ability—it is energy. ARNOLD

TRYING will do anything in the world. THEOCRITUS

IN THE long run, men hit only what they aim at. THOREAU

IT IS easier to climb a mountain than to level it. BULWER

AN institution is the lengthened shadow of one man. EMERSON

GENIUS is the power to take a hint. MARKHAM

The University Missourian, Inc.
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